

BINGANG

Volume I, No. 5

1937-'38

Oct. Nov.
Dec., Jan., Feb.



See "DR. RHYTHM"

The Club Crosby

NORTH VASSALBORO, MAINE

Dues: 50 cents, U. S. A.; 75 cents, Foreign

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THE BELATED KICK-OFF!

(The Ritz Brothers must have been playing)

Handwritten air-mail from: "Rootin-Tootin Two-Gun Shootin"

Dear Bingang:

Vacation time is over and getting ready to level again. New picture should start within ten days and the ole Kraft Music Hall will ring with my dulcet tones on the seventh of October. Nothing of unusual interest to report but I will await with anxiety your reactions to these activities — Thanks for everything.

Bing.

Larry Crosby:

Bing is out in the bay fishing, getting ready for the next — same set-up as "Pennies" except Para release. Johnny Burke and Jimmy Monaco on the tunes. Monaco wrote, "You're Gonna Lose Your Gal", "Me and the Man in the Moon," "You Made Me Love You, Didn't Want to do It," 'Row, Row, Row,' and so forth.

Bing made new records — Hawaiian and Popular — twelve in all for Decca.

When he was East he stayed close to the stables and saw nobody for a change — except horses.

Everett Crosby:

I want to thank you for your very nice letter. I sincerely appreciate your good wishes.

Bing is still vacationing, but will return to the air October 7. You, no doubt, will be hearing from him soon.

Am anxiously awaiting the next issue of "Bingang" which I always find most interesting.

Best wishes to all.

Dear Singymuch and Rahdiold Refrain Publick:

In the presentation of Volume One, Number Four, it is the hopes of the authors to continue (if we ever started) to interest and inspire (?) their—er—readers! We also hope we are farther today than we were yesterday... doesn't matter so much in what direction, just so we keep moving... this issue, our SWING number is the delicatessen of them all; you will find a variety of everything in it. Thus, stick, and you'll strike every emotion eventually. It is with joy in our hearts, a spring in our footfalls, an acquisitive bend to our appetite, and a good dentist that we pass from the kindergarten of our earlier days to the second grade with its erasers to slap against each other, boards to clean, pointers to hang up and apples in the form of compliments to bring to teacher in the form of Bing.

The air is tangy, the punt de pigskin ever in our ears and the school kids already planning on what they want for Christmas, what they're going to get for their favorite teacher, and, in general, everybody is letting everybody else know that everybody is going to get everybody else something, and that everybody else had better do ditto to everybody, or else, everybody else won't be permitted to play in everybody's yard.

Felicitations and other sounds of unexiguous yay-bo, Doc Crosby, née Harry Lillis, dubbed Bing, for having attained the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Gonzaga, up tha'r in Spokane. Is it true that after the honor had been conferred, your first words were: "Bob Burns told me that now I'm a Dotcor, I should start to patch up some of the things I've been doing to music..." Tisk, Boss, your surgical "somethings" were just what most music needed...

More F's to John Scott Trotter and his Ebullient, Esoteric, Earthy, etc compliments of the Boss, for so ably filling the spot vacated by the younger Dorsey, Jimmy; Larry proved himself The Oracle when expounding the theory that your band had that certain pepper for Bing's ballads! In the same breath, we think that Robin has become a Great Actor; under the Great Crosby, Robin will certainly be eligible for a prop part in "Gone With the Wind" when and if???

And in closing, our singled-out thanks to Ruth Carty, Mary Larson, Ann Kinnel, Loretto Schultz for their constant boosting and willingness to smuggle in prospective clients at the drop of a hat — to François Tisot over in La Belle France for praise of Crosby, and to each and every one of you — watch for your report cards, be good, and be sure to eat "Crosby" at least once a week!

THE EDITORS

Ceill Lynne Nahtheeng

MY UH-PEN LETTER

Dear Spectators:

You see before you (I see before me a coupla you running for cover with your magazines) a Bingang led gently by the hand — Cel's hand. Your lazy Maud-Lynne changed her name to Fumb-Lynne and "passed" all the work back to Cel. Cel being Cel, carried on for deah ol' Crosbeh,

so, any touchdowns scored in this game are due to the magnanimous spontaneity of Joseph. Sneerleaders to me. (Tsk, tsk. — Ed.)

In the book o' rules we find these notations: they're darned few shopping days ere Christmas when you receive this; sometime along back the club skipped over into its second year, and Tha Boss has returned to the air more suave, swoonsome, satirical, swashbuckling (Flynn goes Hey!) and Swing than ever. Also: when you send in poetry to us, woncha try to iron out the meter? I'm in enough hot water with my own alerrup misanthropicity (meter), and wouldn't want any of you like me. 'n' gently steer your words away from the sentimental in your articles — cover your tears with a casual what — ho and too-too-savez? I hope these raps on yo' knuckles didn't sting

Self defense: I'm not this (sorta held up by one corner and dangled scornfully) Lynn Marshall that some of you have accused me of being. I'll have to receive several threatening letters before I skulk behind a-nonymity, and anyway, I wouldn't anyway. I have observed that the vitriolic Miss Marshall hurls poison darts, I hope that if ever I feel inclined to do so, I'll still have the gumption to use my own name. Thank you.

So much for that.. Merry Junk, and Happy You-Know-What!

Always,

Lynne

(The name is now Ceil, and let me tell you all she ran the wrong way with the "Bingang Pigskin") Ed.

AS DIXIE SEES BING

(All but bodily lifted from a current "Radio Stars" magazine, told to Gladys Hall by Dixie.)

Bing is old-fashioned... women's place is in the home, he says, and Dixie says he means it... Gary Evan likes to help Pop sing in the shower and especially, "Little Buckaroo"... Bing calls the kids his Three-Man Circus, Dixie adds Bing to it, and calls it Four Man... Bing hates holiday fusses, and on his birthday, took the kids to the Zoo... he wrestles with them... sings to them all aver the place only it's more like shout-in.... But Bing is a good disciplinarian, the kids mind him.... he plays Hide and Seek with them, Cops and Robbers, rides their scooters and kiddie cars, swims with them, ducks them, has water fights with them, hears their prayers, tells them bedtime stories, and is up at the crack of dawn with them every morning.... Bing has, however, grown quiet and serious, except with the kids.... never admits he's worried.... won't go out, because he feels as though he's going to work when he heard a nite-club.... remember, that's how he got his start... won't drink, and moves in a small circle of intimate friends... no personal vanity, despite fame, fortune, girl-crush and fan-crush avalanches.... dines in his sweat shirt despite Dixie's protestations... she'd like him in a Herbert Marshall ensemble, instead, most of the time he looks like something that should be on relief... Bing sings for his own enjoyment and never gives a hoot about the particular spot where he chooses to break out into song.... once Dixie had to yank him by the coattails (that musta been one time

she got him into a suit) to make him sit down in a theatre in N'Yawk when Bing lustily joined in the community. "Sing"... he's crazy about his work, but it's strictly business and no la-de-ah with him... he doesn't realize he's THE Bing Crosby... he's neat and orderly about cupboards and bureaus and garden paths... occasionally goes tremendously "head of the house" and wonders why the books aren't better taken care of!... not fussy about food, just doesn't want to feel empty... once in a while resolves to diet... Dixie still calls him Crooner, and it burns him up... Dixie was worried when Bing first got the horse-craze, but now she's with him... horses, racing and golf are Bing's only hobbies and extravagances... he drives his own car, and would swoon at a valet... and doesn't care about traveling... Dixie sums it up by saying "I get much more kick out of being Bing Crosby's wife than Bing gets out of being Bing Crosby". (Yeah, Dixie, he "sends" us too!)

WE POP THE QUESTION

We asked Craig —

"Which of the two qualities — sincerity or simplicity — do you think can be successfully assumed for the longer time?"

ANSWER: I think it very poor taste for a person to assume any attitude. But if one must select one of the above, I should say it would be much easier to assume simplicity as simplicity might be the result of a momentary mood — However, I can't think of anything more insincere than assumed sincerity.

And then Frieda Inescort and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. drew a double, and isn't the contrast interesting?

"Where do you draw the line between conceit and self assurance?"

Miss Inescort's answer:

With a self-assured person you too, are made to feel at your ease, whereas with a conceited individual you promptly develop an irritated inferiority complex.

Mr. Fairbanks' answer:

Self-assurance I take to be what is called "Ego". Therefore conceit is to be completely unconscious of anyone's, other than oneself's worth — While Ego is merely the possession of a healthy appreciation of one's own worth.

We asked Marie too, what ingredients she would incorporate into a "recipe" for a comedienne — here's her answer:

"I really don't know what ingredients would go to make a comedienne. All my life I've wanted to be something else besides that. The studio seems to think everything I say comes out funny. I think it's beyond anyone to tell what constitutes a comedienne. In fact, I don't even know if I'm one".

(Honey-child, you are one, really! But the sort of one whom one sees doing better roles — wait 'n' see).

Meanwhile, with Basil Rathbone busy on location and some doubt as to whether he'd make the deadline, here's an essay we picked from one of his completely charming letters. It was as if we asked him in effect about overacting versus underacting, especially since Mark van Doren in

"Stage" picked Basil's performance in 'Love From a Stranger' to bits. Here y'are — "No, I don't think Ann and I overacted in 'Love From a Stranger' — on the contrary, I think if you might have looked in on the two characters that night in the château, you would have found a much more exaggerated situation than that presented on the screen. In addition, I might add that things we do and say under stress of emotion in real life invariably are distorted and almost silly, and could never pass without laughter on the screen or stage."

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS

There is no darkness but ignorance, no light but intelligence, and no wisdom but prudence.

A man without an ideal and a goal as its setting, is like a world without a sun, a ship without a mariner.

Altruism is a sparkling diamond, but few behold the beauty and glory of its luster.

Self-conceit is incapable of looking into its own soul, since it locks and bars the doors of knowledge, so that God's angels of infinite wisdom are never heard because of the tumult in its own mind and soul.

The wise man does his own thinking, the foolish one lets others do it for him.

All things are good, but many are out of tune with the true ends of nature, and hence, are looking through a dark glass, and thus, things appear dark.

Failures! There are none: — They are only stations which God has set up at which we may stop, and find the way to truth, wisdom, light and love. They are only relative flash-lights beaming above the horizon of time to teach us the lessons of eternity.

Not since the advent of Bing Crosby has an outstanding song stylist appeared. Bing Crosby was explaining to a friend that a horse never eats the day before a race. "That's nothing", said his friend. "Once I didn't eat for three days AFTER a race."

Here is a mug who is right as rain, and as well liked as the sun itself. Just ain't nothin' wrong with the guy, so don't start asking us if he is nice to his folks.

HOW TO KEEP COOL

HARRY L. (BING) CROSBY, 35, motion picture actor, Beverly Hills, Cal. My recipe is: Take one hot body, strip, and dunk in tepid bath or lukewarm swimming pool. Stretch out in shade to dry.

Bing Crosby should step right up and get the award for having the best radio personality. As casual as an old piece of calico Bing goes on week after week and people never seem to get the least bit bored with him or his programs. Of course Jack Benny's time rates higher according to Crosley, or whatever that thing is that radio people are always fussing over, but even though Jack has made a few pictures he is

still considered one of the radio gang and not one of the movie folks — so Bing gets it.

News note from Saratoga Springs: "Bing Crosby, here for a vacation with the bangtails he enjoys so mightily, has made himself a host of friends in this neck of the woods. He got up at the Arrowhead the other night and gave a thirty-minute performance with Ben Bernie, winding up with a dancing exhibition that shaded Veloz and Yolanda. He goes around town in a straw hat decorated with Indian feathers and he has a red shirt with white horses scattered through the pattern. Other movie stars might take a leaf from the Crosby book. More famous than most, he refused to go Hollywood and it's refreshing". Quite a tribute to Hollywood's own Mr. C., we'd say.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Although I love them so.
They tear my heart with anguish
Those tunes of long ago.

I cannot sing the old songs,
It's sorrowful, but true —
With my vocal artistry,
I can't even sing the new.

YE DAYME FICKYLL

Nelson still has my heart a-flutter
But there are three or four
Who turn that teasing heart to butter
With my liking them galore.
With every song that Nelson sings,
Boyer's accent makes confusion,
And all the rhythm Crosby swings
Doesn't weaken the illusion!
When Craig's around I sigh a sigh,
Mischa's never made me wince....
'N' can't forget that Power guy,
And Rathbone's just a Prince!
I'm vamped by Franchot's knowing stare,
Don Duck is a clever creature —
There's Woods so tall and debonair,
Ray Milland's a special feature!
Ameche gets some rightful ground,
I've laughed 'ere Herman spoke —
Following all their films around,
It's no wonder I'm toujours broke!

Mad-Lynne

ON THE DOWN BEAT

Thursday, November 4th.

Unfortunately, the two programs I chose to cover ended up by covering me, and that, deahs, is some feat! Tell me, what does England do to respectable Yanks, and what do the States do to respectable Britishers — Welshmen, to be exact? Yanks cross the Big Pond thatta way, and return with-er, weird tales, and Britishers cross the other way and emerge as punsters. The wounds engendered by young Doug Fairbanks and Ray Milland will stay always, I suppose, so it won't hurt to re-relate the Cause and Effect.

The night of November 4th, Crosby chose that whimsical little morsel of beseechment "Stop, You're Breaking My Heart!" as his first, with J. S. Trotter and his effulgent Eighteen doing the stopping and breaking. It was then Doug's turn, and whatta turn! In the first place, the customary Fairbanks what-ho seemed completely absent; upon prodding (not too much), Doug spun a redundant, much-embellished tale... (which Bing later docked "Turmoil in the Tyrol") — with not too much scrupulosity. Anyway, we scrambled up and down Alps, and after we were all drinking the pure, clear air, and several pauses on the brink of eternity and infernity had been paused, (and we were wondering what in heck was Fairbanks working to forget) it was revealed that one Crosby had been heard echoing "Sweet Leilani" from the porch of a chalet — Doug gave one cry for "alp" then collapsed. Apparently his recovery came about swiftly, for we delved into the peerage of The Boss, and we shall delve out just as swiftly, and not "hang around" it. When Doug moved on down to Lake Constance, it should have been Como, with a period supplied! Doug's punt upset, he was drowning, Crosby was no where near (nowhere on Decca?), suspense, drama, he's so young to die, but — ulp — his head started "swimming" and carried him to shore. It was darned near the penitentiary for Mr. Fairbanks, but he begged off to hear Giovanni Cologna sing — Mr. C. being the Toast of Europe — well, we were "burned" when the Toast turned out not for "butter" but for worse!

Stanza Number Four of the Bazooka Suite introduced Robin, after The Boss had eased the Fairbanks situation just a little with "I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight". Bob then, his woes over an inartistic family, and covert confusion over the lung power of Cousin Cornedo who blew dust from a painting with such gusto (dusto) that she set the windmill in motion — and Granmaw Snelson who knit iron fences with a crowbar in each hand. Purl without price! 1915's musical "contrib" was: "When you Wore a Tulip", corsaged by Bing, then Ken Carpenter and the usual bewildering antics to excuse the half-way chimes which always occur at this time.

Fay Bainter's turn next; our surprise and yours to find her just as stationhouse and gracious as you please. Her touching tolerance of the cinema's inadequacy, unquote, is confined to disliking said tolerance in other membahs of the stage, for which we give three cheers and pass not too lightly over to "The Folks Who Live on the Hill" by Bing. At this point, you weren't the only ones who ran to the door expecting to see kitty entering; it was Giovanni Whosis, starting into "You're My

Everything". Those of us who were still alive then heard him recite a poem consisting of scrambled eggs served verbally with "Drip, Drip, Drip" and "In less Than Twenty Minutes" tacked on the end. Well, as Jerry said "great hoax from little acorns grow" but he should have **treed** again. "Night and Day" by the ork and "Ebb-Tide" a sweet and silvery forecast of Ray Milland's appearance, artistically suspirated by Bing darkened the Hall.

Thursday, November 11th.

This night, Bing turned from suspirating to susurrating, and did the switching on "That Old Feeling" after which the Kraft Kindergarten opened with no hint of the disaster to follow by Bing's leading Ray Milland to the microphone.... Ray had hopped down from Palm Springs where he's encoring with Dottie Lamour on a jungle opus, and perhaps it was the rush that got him. Anyway, there was that barroom atmosphere with everyone pushing around to get their pun in, "the malt the merrier" "ales well that ends well" and "can't beer it". As mother and I rushed upstairs into the punthouse, mother was heard to murmur, "Milland sakes alive"! She kept right on murmuring when bets were laid about Bing nevaire singing a song based on the gentle art of tipping a glass **not** filled with milk, and of course, Bing led with his chin and let Ray sing (?) "Where the Brewery Night" with Boo-Boo-Booze! (no De-Boozy?) A game next, taught by The Master Kraftsman and Robin to Ray, of course, Ray caught on and proceeded to sling the game into Bing's and Bob's faces... name a word and give a synonymic city... endeavour upped up as Troy, well, you know. After everyone stealing everyone else's punder, I expected Ray to fade-out with "Give me ad-liberty or give me death" and Bing to sing "Through Liquortesy of Love" but Ray had to immediately return to Palm Springs and Bing reiterated "If It's the Last Thing I Do". Strange they overlooked the possibilities of Dniepropetrovsk in Russia, don't Genoa!

"Fantasy" meeting you here introduced us to a Foray into the Future where we met Robin and the Bazooka giving THE Gabriel competition. Authoritative information on how the Burns kin won the Great War, Uncle Fudd's disgrace, and Gran'paw Snazzy's postal card, which, when it was forcibly confiscated by Gran'maw, evoked a comment "How I Hate to Lose You" berzerked by Bob. What was the crack about the gravel in the berzerka backfiring and neatly removing Robin's entire front rack?

We'll skip the school session which dsposed of the half-way bell, and mention 1918 only as Bing's "I Don't Want to Get Well" song. Olympe Bradna gave us the highlights of a brief but determined career, then her act of cunning canines, both canines suspiciously baritone, and one eventually doing that canine trick-howling at the lunar lady "The Moon Got in My Eyes".

Rosa Tentoni, born in the Statcs and a lyric soprano who is really lyric rather than a lady with a high voice going higher, sang 'Musette's waltz from Boheme, a Neapolitan Tarantella which Bing dubbed the Italian — Gypsy Big Apple and after which Bob suggestively murmured "Weenie — Weenie — Weenie" and then an 'American Lullaby'. We hear of the relief in general that Bing isn't going to go into opera, then in "The One Rose" he sounds good enough to be in a dozen operas.

But d'you suppose Ray is really like that?

"MUSE AND MEWS"

By Miss Cel Lynneous

Every now 'n' then, a person comes along who exactly fits a word.... when Billie Kretschmar's letters Short Fall our way, we want to polish up "swell" all bright and new and present it Mrs. Gus.

More Billy — this a "he", and whatta grand guy, too — Bill Welch of the Springfield Welches, and we mustn't forget Poochie about whom the Welch family revolves.

Ann Kinnel, just back from the Hills of Hollywood and points east, west, etc., etc., as we write this, making faces at the dull routine of Chicago. Ann, shame on you — biting the hand that sent you Westward (I'd bite any hand to get out tha'r! sez Muddlin', but Cel only sighs and turns to her Goodman-Crosby recordings).

I wish the Boss could personally read all the swell compliments paid him by you, and you, and you, in your letters to each other. But the very fact that those praises are sung with no intention of publicity indicates their sincerity. I wonder if we ever do as well in fan letters direct to our stars as in those compliments, and bravos that thread their way through our casual correspondence.

Cel had a glorious, idle summer this year. She issued a thousand or two Bingangs, answered ninety long tons of mail, dashed to the Post Office three times a day, six days a week, played tennis, ate, went to every other picture bill in the town, ate, wrote articles for other publications, ate, rode her bicycle all over the State of Maine, ate, answered mail, ate, answered mail, ate, etc., etc., How d'ya do it, honey? The eating I mean!

Lotsa guys write in that their dislike of Swellperson Rathbone has evaporated into thin air through our boosting, praising and "presenting him as he is" and that their first letter to him has been thrust down the mail chute. H'ray h'ray, there's that salvation army feeling! Now kids, get that same feeling towards Mischa Auer, Herman Bing, Spencer Tracy and the rest of the people who have been such grand friends to us — and you'll be dyed-in-the-boots Bingangers!

Incidentally, everytime we're called "faithful fans" we feel like large sheepdogs with hair over our eyes, panting selflessly in the shade.

Some fan magazines, and undoubtedly, some of the stars themselves (names furnished upon request) scoff fan clubs. But a fan club publication is the only place where a star won't run into romance, rumors, articles in bad taste, and such.

Scamoan Simohng has had her fling now — but the catchiest marquée name belongs to Franchot Tone, or so I think... 'way back when I saw him in "Green Grow the Lilacs" in Chicago, that name stayed with me steadily. To compliment Franchot: after the marquée catches you, the performance of the same Mr. Tone continues that exhilarated feeling. Ditto the lovely Missus, Joan.

Personal ambush: To have Nelson Eddy co-starred in fact, as well as on the marquées. While Jeanette is given operatic meat, Nelson is thrown operetta bones like a good little puppy. I have absolutely nothing against lovely Jeanette — as a matter of fact, I don't want her parts cut down — I only want Nelson's 'built up'.

Cel and Mary Swan got together in Portland, Maine, early this fall. Mary is a très intime friend of the Famille Crosby, and had many messages for Cel. I understand the girls chatted beaucoup, ate (naturally) posed for pictures and generally enjoyed each other. Aside to Mary: Cel thinks you're perfect: ditto, ditto, vic-versa.

Craig Reynolds is officially 'with us' now, as is Herman Bing and Frieda Inescort. I've known Craig for over a year, but Herman and Frieda are new friends. Herman is just as much or more fun than he is on the screen; no formality about him; he's nice like weinerschnitzel. Frieda is a young lady to whom mere acting must seem tame — from her letters I gather she's been in the publishing business, and Odd McIntyre wrote in his column that she was once Mrs. Astor's social secretary, Craig, as most of you know, wearied of those 'bit' roles allotted him and switched to free-lancing — for these three people I can only beg of you, take pen in hand and sling ink.

Shame, shame, and shame, I'm apparently one of the few people who possesses an autographed 8x10 of Mr. Clark Gable. Those of you who have waited six months have another six or eight to go yet — just be patient and perhaps it'll drift in — perhaps. Mr. Gable is notorious — but not enough so, for his ungraciousness towards his fans. Contrariwise, Nelson Eddy who is defined as 'difficult' attends to all photographic requests with dispatch, is grand to his clubs, gracious on his concert tours and warmly human and friendly without being gushy. Most of you will agree with me that it makes little or no difference as to what the scribes and snoops of the film city think of our favorites — we admire in terms of service rendered, mercenary though it seems. Especially when a quarter or dollar has been added to the bargain. Whilst Boss Crosby proceeds to pass out free pictures four times a year, when we'd like him regardless!

Speaking of Nelson, about whom Picture Play readers are apparently willing to war to the finish — he's with us too, which makes all these mentions of him quite legal and proper. Adolfe, the club lackey, groaned a bit when it came time to move in Nelson's trap drums, grand piano, electric organ and accordion, and it did crowd the Bingang offices — but Nelson you're so very welcome!

After a lull, it seems at last as though Marie Wilson's career is marching on to bigger and better roles. One of the prettiest girls in Hollywood is potentially one of the most dynamic and vibrant, and everyone these days seems to have crooked fingers for keeping them crossed so much.

Ladeez and gennelmuns, this heah was supposed to have been a column! I'm Odd, but I'm scarcely MacIntyre.

THE FACULTY WRASSLING TOURNAMENT

(By Special Permission of the General Mutters Hall Sheet)

The finals in the various divisions were held last Tuesday between classes. Fair play was lacking in all matches, but the spectators seemed to relish the various setts. Your scribe will attempt to give the highlights.

1 — Tallslowandquiet Class

Irwin took the first fall by use of a triangle and thumb tack lifter, but Amos rattled him by simply staring quietly throughout. Irwin was so exhausted trying to pry Amos loose from his position that the last two falls were won by the "tall, dark and handsome" Service Representative with ease.

2 — Bigchestandwideshoulders Class

Dent made Fanning look bad in the bout by "getting up" so successfully (he's had plenty of practice we hear.)

Then condition began to tell. Dent slowly weakened under the strain (of lack of sleep) and Fanning managed to throw him, making the falls one all. In the rest period Handsome Harold "figgered" it all out and seemed to be getting the best of Iron Man Clyde, but the latter finished the bout by filling his balloon lungs and blowing H. H. D. completely out of the ring.

3 — Minimumweightperverticalinch Class

Stout took two falls in a row from Prof. by properly fitting his curve to the formula. The wizard of management tried to find a casting to use but the referee stepped on his hand.

A noisy gent by the name of Iander was evicted from the hall for trying to slip "Hoffy" a little motion study on the side. The new "Body Falling from Rest" hold used by Clincher Claude in this match was acclaimed as revolutionary by experts at the ringside.

4 — Stookeywoogey Class

These two guys, "Bucky" Rodgers and "Bookey Stanley" started with a rush. At first the spectators had difficulty understanding their technique, but soon it was apparent that they were trying to follow in each other's footsteps. Suddenly Stanley turned right instead of left and they came together head-on. Both contestants received the "ten count" and were unable to continue.

The referees, Harris, Trathen, Stone, and Stoughton, in that order were as unfair as was to be expected. There must be something lousy about an Athletic Committee that can't find better referees.

Proper, Tobias, Baldwin, Haskins, and Briggs have been so busy getting publicity in the Hall Sheet they have had no time to enter the program this winter. We present them as horrible examples of the attempt to be big shots without the proper background.

FRESHMAN EXPOUNDS

Editor's Note:

We have been very, very fortunate in obtaining at this early date a written interview from an incoming freshman who beamingly gave us the following: With apologies to the Vigilantes Committee, his name has been withheld for his own self protection. Here goes.

Having come from all parts of the country, we gathered at the corner of Third Avenue and Chevrolet Street and stood gazing in nothing short of wonderment at the seemingly magnitudinous building with the words "General Motors Institute of Technology" engraved above the doorway.

We felt our inferiority as we Freshmen entered the portals and ascended the long stairway with the much learned Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors who comprised the multitude which thronged the long hallways. Not knowing what to do then, we followed some intelligent looking men and ended at the wrong end of a line which extended from the registration desk to the auditorium.

After chasing around all day asking questions which were never answered, we finally gave up in disgust and went to our rooms where we decided to charge the line again the next day.

The following day proved to be much different when we were ushered into a meeting and told to live up to traditions. Before we knew why, how, or where, we found ourselves in the Sophomore "Kangaroo Court" and were compelled, most unwillingly, to play "polo" by using our noses as mallets. We must say that the treatment we received at the hands of this esteemed court lessened our opinion of the dignity of the upper classmen — also, it lessened our own dignity. We have come to the conclusion that all Sophomores are degraded specimens of humanity in the vernacular, they are nothing but a "bunch of thugs".

Chucks Raming, Phi Tau's pugilistic powerhouse breaks into print this week. Chuck knurled a piece of metal in the shaper to make a tool post rocker. After knurling it, he not only took off the knurls but cut into the piece making a sort of an inverted transposed rocker. What Moley had to say was plenty.

FIRE SALE

SPECIAL STOP PRESS NEWS: If you buy a tube of Iodent tooth paste at Baker's Drug Store on Saginaw, they will give you a very touching art study for your room. Your QP's ought to rise about 50c. Then sell the toothpaste to some gullible freshman.

FABLE

And lo, it came to pass in the eleventh month that the fathers of the tribes did sent their youngest to the temple to be taught and many were the pit-falls to tangle the feet of the unwary, damsels to turn the head, and, divers brews to twist the thought. And the dwellers of the temple, wise in the ways, did make them appear in childish raiment and to act the part of the fool. And their shekels, entrusted to them by their fathers, were garnered from them by the Keeper of the Gold, MaWhinney, and by others having scrolls and screeds to sell unwary ones. And great was their sorrow thereof. And many learneth of the honor list and of the Chief Artisan Mackin.

When tempers bad and natures small
With ignorance are blent,
The net result is what we call
"Artistic temperament".

An engineer is said to be a man who knows a great deal about a very little, and who goes through life knowing more and more about less and less until finally he knows practically everything about nothing.

THE SOCIAL REGISTER

Getting youse members together is some job... you all do such different things! But here goes, and if it's too bad, we'll go too!

Kit Connell believes in boosting "Dutch" Reagan who's out Hollywood way now... Dutch was originally of Kit's Des Moines, and we'll agree with the charming Kit that she's only doing the proper thing. **Helene Sullivan** has a secret, but we're letting her tell it — how! ever, Helene's humor can't stay a secret any length of time. **Margaret Walz** is very, very new to fan clubs — swell gal — she keeps us posted on the Dorothy Parker blurbs... **Jeanne Hoerter** is ditto new to clubs, but she knows too much about Maude-Lynne's salad days to feel strange — Jeanne goes to business collitch. **Lelia Hoffman** is constructed entirely of humor under a deceptively sober appearance... **Louise Thompson** vacationed in Phoenix, Arizona, but their house was so cool she had to read the paper to find out about the heat — whew! Shame on you, **Lil Kerzner**, for tramping muddy N'Yawk streets in fragile white sandals!! **Winnie Clerk** willing to personally battle what ever member of the mail service put that crease on Crosby's photo — straight through the nose! **Loretto Schultz**, Nelson Eddy's prexy calmly banging people in their shell-pinks now that she's a relief telephone operator. With everyone attending "revivals", it sounds like a wave of religion — but we mean those of old films — we're all so glad lovely **Jean Harlow** has so many to leave us. **Kathleen Amon** of New Zealand went hop-picking over a short vacation. That sounds like hard work for a holiday! We agree with **Geraldine Shine** that James Fidler's criticism of Bing's familiarity with various celebs could easily be avoided by the celebs themselves during rehearsal, should that be desired. **Frances Small** wants to know what members are supposed to do? Well, Frances, anything! **Jerry Cole** of Quebec sounds like beaucoup fun, and she has Mountie trouble — sorta hanging-over from "Rose-Marie", aren't you, Jer? Queen of Finance **Mary Leah Reed** suggests raising the Crosby Club Dues. Welllll... **Dottie Mae Hulse** is yearning for the Big City. Tsk, Dottie, what'll the Californy Chamber of Commerce think? **Sandra Kane** edits the Gordon Oliver news and roots and toots for BING! also. **Margaret Rodgers** is pushing up an eyebrow at some o' the Studio-arranged publicity pranks that backfire onto the "mentality" of the public. Here, too, Margie! **Dick Savitz** reports that every time him see Bing, Bing heap beeg jokee and laughee, reg'lar fella! **Marion Marshall** couldn't have done it purposely, but she's doing all right with Crosby names for her kids — Larry is 15, and Bob is 13! **Mimi Bertol** can take up a whole letter explaining just why she attends secretarial school. Lost: **Madelyn Zito's** appendix. Finder please don't return. You pen-pallish enthusiasts, write **Lorraine Marquiss**, 3318 N. Kenmore St., Chicago Illinois. We hope Bing's return has filled the Lull in **Kay Jacock's** life! **Harry Frazier** chafing at staying in one place, after verra much the tour this summer...

Constance Urban who usurped so much of the New, Large, Photoplay, is all unchanged by her success! Take a bow, 'Coney' then, give us your recipé! **Lynne Hofstetter**, triple threat girl of the Crosby and Eddy Clubs smashed through center with five kinds of "Crosby" for dear old Kraft, at a recent "Frat" get-together (if you can). **Emaline** and **Ceil** spending all their nickels in the music machines in order to hear Goodman and The Doc.

Verne Andras, **Grace Seaver**, **Ruth Carty** and **Kathlyn Browning** all wondering how we manage to put out ye Bingangs on 50c cent dues. (sweet girls, you touch us) anyhow, we owe nobody and the heck of it is nobody owes us? **Lola Trebes**, where in this big, wide, cruel world are you? We'll be hiring a "dick" to run you down if you don't 'allyoop, with a letter heap pronto... And, **Martha Snapp** continues to write us those witty, long-wordy letters about the High School Football Team. The Boss, The Kraft Programs, while **Alvia Mills** calls for "retakes" on everything and puts in raves about her pals **Madelyn Zito** and **Mary Larson**... There is no greater Crosby fan than **Isabel Lee of Akron, Ohio** — and standing right in line are: **Thelma** and **Alice Coolong**, **Winnie Clerk**, **Elizabeth Lingo**, **Phyllis Grainger**, **Frank Keyes** and **Ernestine Chapin**, **Harry Richards** and **Harry Frazier** giving out with bravos and loud raves anent the Kraft Jam Sessions.... **Helen Ræther** doing ditto to **Tyrone Power** while **Jerrie Nowak** can't make up her mind between **Wayne Morris** and **Ronald Colman**. (Quite a contrast, **Estelle!**) **Virginia Haas** moved again, and your bewildered correspondent keeps asking her why?... **Marion Hesse** and **Florence Locke** are more clubbers back from the woods of Holly.... T'was a deep pleasure meeting **N. Phil Watterson** and **Ruthie Keast** last summer, but to this day, all I can recall from the conversations was "Bing, Bing, Bing". (Where's "Sing, Sing, Sing?")

Well we're shoving off now — more news later — Incidentally your scribe seems to be on rather intimate relations with that word "off" these days, so forgive us if we know not what we do!

P. S. — We can never thank **Harmony Haynes**, **Jean Betty Huber** and **Irene Brettmann** sufficiently for all the swell boosting they've given us via the "Low Down" and other sources — (Ye Ed.)

GAWKING OUT OF THE WINDOW

When you should have your heart and soul and mind
On your Dictation

The pigeons who nested on the window ledge of the courthouse opposite have just brot forth two young, a mal and a female, which is evidently the custom in their family. Pop seems to be doing most of the work — another unique feature for 1937. He should be on a sit down.... The men who designed the tight fitting dresses of today certainly forgot the stenographers and their tendency toward the too solid flesh... Why can't all MC's be easy on the ears like Sweet Leilani's Daddy?.... Where **Bob Taylor** picks up the parasol for **Irene Dunne** and says: Here it is.... Vacations — I would so much rather have mine in prospect than in retrospect... The one and only time I ever went to Chatauqua

NY and got into a School Teacher's paradise. Teachers, Teachers, everywhere — who hold themselves up as models so many months of the year they finally come to think they are models. But **Dr. Patton** says they "are the youngest for their years of all of us" so let's give them a big hand... How I envy the folks living in the cities, until for some reason I have to go to the city for a day or so and have to rush madly from one bus to another and am jostled across streets and elbowed out of reach of counters. Then I'm glad to come home to my quiet little town and "relapse"... Wonder if that girl in the window opposite knows how foolish she looks kidding one of the boys and exchanging playful punches with him?... **Myrna Loy's** motto: Keep your Chin Up and Your Hair Curled — not bad... Nothing so beautiful as long stretches of uninterrupted grass. Wonder how soon somebody will start experimenting and manage to turn it blue or some other color. Folks always improving things for other folks... If **Bing** doesn't get back pretty soon I'm going to get **Charlie McCarthy** to mow him down. **Del Mar** is closed and the horses put away — what are we waiting for?... As **Liza** says, "That's what I think, what do you think?"

.. **Lelia Hoffman**

EVELYN VENABLE:

Ever since "Bingang" reached me I have sought an opportunity to write you how much I enjoyed it. I read it from cover to cover and it's charming all the way through — a grand magazine honoring a grand person.

All the luck in the world to you — and best wishes to **Bing** and the Gang.

PRESTON S. FOSTER:

I am happy to acknowledge receipt of the latest issue of "Bingang" a bang-up name for a club paper. And, of course, I am glad to be included among the members of The Club Crosby.

You seem to have picked out the biggest job for yourself and I congratulate you on the excellent results you have obtained.

GORDON OLIVER:

One of these days we hope to have a club paper as nicely put out and as interesting as **Bing's** — Speaking of **Bing** — I am still getting quite a kick out of a certain meeting which I had with **Bing** at one of the local night clubs not so long ago, at which time we sort of renewed our old, old acquaintance. It was quite funny, and, after all, **Bing** never thought I would turn out to be an actor. And too, I never had such a desire until a few years ago, so he can't be blamed at all. Far be it from me to try to "steal any of his thunder" — So, if you are very curious ask **Bing** what he said and did the first time he saw me after he had seen my "airplane picture". ("Fugitive in The Sky") Perhaps he will remember. (How about it, Doctor?)

MICHAEL WHALEN:

I certainly enjoyed the last issue of **BINGANG**. You are doing a fine job and I am sure your club will enjoy continued success with you

as its leader. Your bulletin sets a pace for other club bulletins to live up to. Congratulations upon your splendid work and for having such a grand crowd of boosters in your Crosby Club.

JIMMY ELLISON:

Bing's rise from an almost unknown singer to a world-famous star has never let success overshadow his true personality — A "regular fellow" and a Great Star — All Hollywood likes and respects Bing Crosby!

BETTY GRABLE:

Received my copy of "Bingang" and it is simply marvelous. Really I can't start to tell you how much I enjoyed reading it, and thank you for including my letter. I feel quite flattered, I assure you.

Saw "Waikiki Wedding", and, as always, Bing was perfect. He is still my favorite, and who knows, now that I am on the same lot, someday I may have a chance to work with him. I hope so anyway.

The very day Paramount gave me my new contract they gave me the lead in "This Way Please", and I think it will be the best thing that I have ever done.

HANDWRITTEN AIR-MAIL FROM JAMES STEWART

Dear Ceil:

Thanks ever so much for your letters. I should have answered them long ago but I have sort of had my hands full out here — In the first place I get sick and am laid up for a month or so — then they all decide I need a rest so I have been at Coronada with my mother and sister most of the summer.

I'm all O. K. and back in one piece now and start a new picture Monday. It's tentatively called — "Let Me Live" — then I go into one called "Navy Blue and Gold".

I just received the latest issue of "Bingang" and it's a wonderful thing. Thanks very much for sending it. The Club Crosby must be the best Club in the country.

(See "Navy Blue and Gold" and you'll see one of the best actors in the country).

Many letters have found their way into P. O. Box 103 all asking the same question: "Why Can't Tyrone Power Have a Fan Club?" So your correspondent wrote the popular Mr. Power, Jr. and here's his answer:

In reply to your inquiry it is quite true that Twentieth Century-Fox have placed a ban on Fan Clubs and have requested all players to refrain from giving their consent to the forming of clubs. It is also true that some players have clubs in their honor but in most cases they were organized when that particular artist was under contract with some other studio.

(The editor extends deepest thanks to all the players who came through with answers and comments for our Club publication.)

QUOTES

BASIL RATHBONE: — Thanks ever so much for the copy of "Bingang". I was very happy over my Spot Interview. I thought it read very nicely, as does the whole magazine — which is most surely a great help to the actor. It really is extremely nice to feel this close a contact with you all.

HERMAN BING: — Bing Crosby is the prototype of ingenuousness, with a microphone voice, mellow like a nightingale.

"KIT" CONNELL: — I wrote Bing and told him exactly how silly I thought were the efforts of the studio to make him a "glamour boy" and their decision not to have any more pictures of the kids. Then I told him that his down-to-earthness was what we all loved, etc., etc., He replied briefly but immediately, thusly: "Save your burn — the studio may say things but I still do about as I please. There will be pictures of the kids whenever practical." (Isn't that cute? It pleased me immensely.)

LELIA HOFFMAN:

THE BING BANG CEIL OF THE BING GANG

The Bing Bang of the Bing Gang
Was working night and day
Said the Bing Bang to the Bing Gang
Please help me write away
To the Bing Bang of the Bing Gang
I send this diamond rough
It's a Crosbeh tween a Winchell
So Bing Bang do your stuff!

CRAIG REYNOLDS: — I am firmly convinced that there is no end to the Joseph-Hofstetter versatility. I can't select a favorite article or articles from the current issue of "Bingang" because every line in the entire magazine is tip-top reading. All I can do is to send my heartiest congratulations and shout. "You've done it again"! Consider me a permanent "Bingang" booster and reader, and though I'm repeating myself I can't resist adding that your magazine can't be published too often to suit me! (After which praise Cel and Lynne polished their lorgnettes and are now receiving company only in the drawing rooms.)

GERTRUDE NIESEN: — "Many, many thanks to you both for the most interesting Bingang issue. You and the members are doing splendid work and it is really remarkable how you are progressing.

My picture "Freshman Follies" is well under way and should be finished within the next few weeks.

FRIEDA INESCORT: — Incidentally, I thought the magazine was such a good job, and I am delighted to be one of your "guests" for however long you want me!

(See "Portia On Trial" then croon "Always" to the lovely Frieda)

JIMMY VALENTINE: — You ask me to say a few words about Larry Crosby — To describe him all one need say is that he is a brother of Bing. — Thereby making him, if for no other reason, one grand guy. You've had evidence of his never-failing courtesy, helpfulness, and co-operation; and therein is the key to his charm.

HARMONY HAYNES: — The day the races started at Agua Caliente I was down — Bing was there, and two of his horses won that day — he was wild with joy. "Double-Trouble" and "Fight-On" came galloping home winners. Just before one of them came in, Bing crooned us a tune over the loud speaker. Al Jolson was there and I noticed that he bet on another, not Bing's horses — he bet \$150.00 (lotta dough, eh?) and the horse came trailing in last. So, I said to him, "Why don't you croon, and he said, "My horse wouldn't come in no matter what I did!"

MRS. FRANK FIRMAT (formerly Gladis Nichal McCabe:) — I must tell you about the new fan that Bing acquired recently — it's a touching story, if you know "Henry". He's a belligerent canary who has been in the family about four years. He has a nasty disposition, and seems to take great delight in it. His vocabulary consists mainly of profanity, judging by the sound of his voice. There are very, very few things which can soothe his temper. One of those things is lettuce, nice crisp crunchy lettuce — and another is Bing Crosby on the radio. (What! No movies?) The station at Glendale plays Crosby records every morning for about thirty minutes, interrupted frequently by advertising, and then Henry reaches the height of ecstasy. He opens his mouth throws back his head, and sings until he looks like he's about to burst into thousands of pieces. The cadenzas, the trills, the delightful variations of sound — it would bring tears of joy to your eyes to watch and hear him. And when Crosby whistles, then "Henry" goes madly insane. When the broadcast is over, he just sits and glares and dares anyone to make a crack about his susceptibility to any mellowing emotion. Not that I blame him. It must be pretty difficult to keep up a reputation for being tough.

("In the groove" Crosby "gets" the bird! — Ed.)

WITH YOUR "THOUGHTS AND SMILES" REPORTER

By Ceil

A carpenter in Glasgow, Scotland, has built an automobile which he hopes will fly. Meanwhile, American motorists try to accomplish the same result without special equipment.

Salt Lake Tribune

Yes, a dollar goes further now, but you likewise have to go further to get a dollar.

Arkansas Gazette

A recent survey shows that the average radio is used 4.04 hours daily. In that case, it would seem that the average neighbor has 5.941 radios.

Christian Science Monitor

The brains of Congress will be taxed to solve the revenue problem, but will they be sufficient to cover the deficit?

Washington Post

Government statistician says that people are consuming fewer apples. But more apple-sauce.

Arizona Producer

A fellow has to be a contortionist to get by these days. First of all, he's got to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. He's expected to put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head, and both feet on the ground. And, at the same time, look for the silver lining with his head in the clouds.

Judge —

In Maryland, says a newspaper item, it is illegal for a woman to go through her husband's pockets at night. In most states, however, it's merely a waste of time.

Life —

'A carpet should be beaten slowly' says a spring-cleaning hint. The average husband, suspecting that he will be requested to perform this operation, beats it as fast as he can.

London Humorist

Streets in several foreign cities are named for significant historic dates. Why couldn't we pick out the roughest detour in the nation and call it 1931?

Arkansas Gazette

In its determination to soak the rich, the House is proceeding on the assumption that there is somebody left in this country who can be so classified.

New York Sun

"Says New Autos Turn Corners at 70 Miles". The obvious thing to do is to get one of those cars and harness the business situation to it.

New York Times

A newspaper correspondent writes that the Japanese have gone simply mad about baseball. The Chinese probably wish they'd make a home run.

Harrisburg Patriot

While looking into a milliner's shop the other day a woman was knocked down by an auto which skidded onto the sidewalk. Husbands are calling their wife's attention to the danger of getting too close to stores displaying the new styles.

Springfield (Mass.) Union

In these days gentlemen prefer blondes with jobs.

Morgan Cook in Philadelphia Inquirer

No wonder people can't lick the depression. No one has thought of a good slogan.

Robert Quillen in Houston Chronicle

Professor G. P. Lestrade, of Pretoria University, condemns the South African practice of paying in cattle for wives on the installment plan. Nothing is more calculated to militate against the serenity of marital relations than the consciousness that there are still a few cows owing on the wife.

London Punch

"There is little change in trousers" says a fashion writer. It has, of course, all gone to the tax-collectors.

London Punch

It's always been our impression that a man can be a patriot without bcasting about it all the time.

Cincinnati Enquirer

There is no buying and selling in heaven, says a Southern evangelist, and this seems to give additional proof that that isn't where business has gone to.

Boston Herald

It is feared that Russia may become involved in the Manchurian troubles. If the reds get mixed up with the yellows it will make things look black for the whites.

Washington Post

It is worth while to have and keep books that one may never finish in one's life, but whose backs afford a glamour of memory and of hope.

London Morning Post

The ten "dry speakers" scheduled to appear in Oklahoma City are no drier probably than scores of others we have with us always. Almost any professional speaker is dry enough.

The Oklahoman

Man criticizes woman for her extravagance, but she never wastes two dollars' worth of shotgun shells in order to get a twenty-cent rabbit.

Louisville Times

FINALE

"I pass through this world but once, any good thing that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now, let me not deter or neglect it, I shall not pass this way again." (This lovely quotation comes from a little second-hand shop in Portsmouth, England.)